

*PARTHENOPHE.*  
SONNETS. 381

SONNET LXX.



<sup>\*</sup>  
HAT can these wrinkles and vain  
tears portend,  
But thine hard favour, and  
indurate heart ?  
What shew these sighs, which from my  
soul I send.  
But endless smoke, raised from a fiery  
smart ? Canst thou not pity my deep  
wounded breast ?  
Canst thou not frame those eyes to cast  
a smile ?  
Wilt thou, with no sweet sentence make  
me blest ?  
To make amends, wilt thou not sport a  
while ? Shall we not, once, with our  
opposed ey'n,  
In interchange, send golden darts  
rebated ?  
With short reflexion, 'twixt thy brows  
and mine; Whilst love with thee, of my  
griefs hath debated ?  
Those eyes of love were made for love to  
see !  
And cast regards on others, not on me!



SONNET LXXI.  
HOSE hairs of angels' gold, thy  
nature's treasure.  
(For thou, by Nature, angel-like art  
framed !) Those lovely brows, broad  
bridges of sweet pleasure,  
Arch two clear springs of Graces  
gracious named ; There Graces infinite do  
bathe and sport !  
Under, on both sides, those two  
precious hills, Where PHOEBE and VENUS  
have a several fort.  
Her couch, with snowy lilies, PHOEBE  
fills, But VENUS, with red roses, hers  
adorneth;  
There, they, with silent tokens, do  
dispute Whilst PHOEBE, VENUS ; VENUS,  
PHOEBE scorneth!  
And all the Graces, judgers there  
sit mute To give their verdict; till  
great JOVE said this,  
" DIANA'S arrows wound not, like thy  
kiss! "